



JWN

the spirit of the
stairway
REDUX part I

“The Spirit of the Stairway REDUX part 1” by Johnny W. Nyhagen

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The Spirit of the Stairway REDUX part 1

This one's

for my

fire

demons

this one's

for

the

kings of

torment and

starless

nights

for

my

childhood's

frozen

hours

for my

Nowhereland

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

the short

attention

span

theatre

the

resurrected

dead on

planet

Jupiter

the lost

children

of Pomona

searching

the city

at dawn

with

flashlights

and

painted

faces

this is

for the

one's who

will never

witness

nor

comprehend

what ultimately

guides the

flesh and

the mind

this one's

for the

XXX rated

private

scenes

on a

cutting

room

floor

for

Halo

Meadows

for the

sentimental

heart

of the

coward

for

5 seconds

of

nothingness

for the

symmetric

lifelessness

in a

theme

of mazes

for

an accidental

death in

the

afternoon

this one's

for those

who dared

to sail

beyond

the sunset

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

for what

is written

in the

night

sky

for the

impotence

for what's

harder

than life

yet kinder

than love

for the

frightened

cat

backed

into a

corner

for the

moment

when

anger

takes

hold

of

a beautiful

heart

this is

for the

one's who

surrendered

to the

hour glass

for losing

all

awareness

and not

being

anywhere

for those

on the

sweeter side

of desolate

this one's

for

Fate

who makes

no mistake

for Fate

who never

misses

a mark

this one's

for

the

pessimism

filling our

voids

for the

early

widows

for their

sad

seductive

eyes

this one's

for the

the mini

deaths

for the

self

absorption

for

the angel

makers

orbiting

frozen

planets

this

one's

for

my fire

demons

my Nowhereland

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

for

the one's

born to

guide

your star

through

the

heavens

this one's

for

all of us

as we

learn to

never

make

the same

mistake

twice

for the

doom

loop

for

No Name

Maddox

for

when the

lights

goes out

for the

fruit

too heavy

for its

branch

this is for

the one's

who don't

hurt the

ones

they love

but

hurt the

ones who

love them

this is

for the

Earth

who eats

all her

children

this one's

for

the poet

James

Victor

Chesnutt

for my

Sunday

personality

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

for the

one's

who stole

my

thunder

for the

one's

who ripped

pages

from my

book

this one's

for a

fuckton

of charisma

for the

brain

who named

itself

for the

X-headed

ghosts

for the

devil who

danced

to her

demon

fiddler's

tune

for the

sadness

of

a weeping

willow

the

tween

places

the flag

draped

coffins

the souls

of

ancient

times

for the

one's

living

for today

yet still

trusting

in

tomorrow

for the

blonde

who sang

soprano

in the

downstairs

choir

for the

virtues

on the

edge

of dying

for a

mind

that is

not

its own

for the

empty

buckets

of misery

for those

who's past

isn't

over

for those

who's

future

hasn't yet

began

for the

Jack of

Diamonds

for all

the

condescension

the spirals

of

uncertainty

this is

for the

ones who's

pissing

razors

for

the ones

talking in

their

sleep

for the

ones

who

sees

everything

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

for

the dusty

old

dream

factory

the

alpha

dawgs

the ones

who

suffered

an

ambiguous

loss

the blood

in

the blood

out

this one's

for

the

ghost

of Candy

Darling

kissing

Klaus

Kinski

in my

dream

this one's

for

the

black

silver

lungs

for the

ones

who are

not

who they

are

for the

cocaine

fueled

wonderlands

the

carnival

machines

this one's

for the

Cotard's

syndrome

the

cartoon

wolves

the

curses

handed

down

the

daddy

issues

the

shimmy

shimmy

cocoa

pop

the

red box

demons

this

one's

for all

the

mirrors

I painted

black

for you

this

one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

this

one's

for the

werewolf

rules

for the

Wounded

Knee

for the

Super

Bowl

this one's

for

the

apple

apple

dip

dip

for the

sky

who

came

down

to greet

me

for the

unbloomed

the

lookers

and the

talkers

for the

ones

who

once

guided

me back

to earth

this one's

for my

fire

demons

this one's

for

the

kings of

torment and

starless

nights

for

my

childhood's

frozen

hours

for my

Nowhereland

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

this

one's for

the plastic

bags

filled

with

glue

and

feathers

this one's

for the

cigarette

melting

through

my fingers

for

invisibility

for

how

nothing

is ever

over

for the

multiple

paths

to the

future

for

the

portable

ass

demons

for the

nature

of the

beast

for the

day

I will

bury

you

for a

thousand

hidden

voices

whispering

for the

snake oil

salesmen

the

algorithms

of

sin

the

red

carpet

gravity

for

the ones

hiding

inside

walls

for

the lives

left

behind

for seven

cruel

destinies

unfolding

for

chainsaw

drug

addiction

for the

cruel

nature

of luck

for

hidden

tunnels

and

passageways

this one's

for the

velvet

rope

mentality

for the

Babies

in the

corners

being led

around

like

sheep

for the

finger

paintings

and the

pentagrams

this one's

for the

annals

of infamy

the

lover's

leap

the

third

entity

the

Ballad

of

GG Allin

the 6th

circle

the eyes

of

summer

this one's

for

collecting

starlight

for the

suicide

parlors

for the

morning

over

treetops

for the

Devil

chasing

her own

tail

for when

you

don't

speak

until

spoken

to

for the

fire

of a

thousand

suns

for the

heroin

heroine

for the

crystal

ball

when

it's crystal

clear

for the

many

sorts

of

fame

for the

Omerta

Code

for the

single

cup of

coffee

made just

right

for my

separate

lives

for

the place

where

imagination

goes

to die

this one's

for my

death

mask

for the

conjugation

of

fire demons

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

for the

excision

for the

siren's

deception

for the

hands

of

Alice

Baker

for when

you've

been

weighed in

the

balance

and found

too light

this one's

for the

fireflies

in

Kimberly's

midnight

garden

for when

you

look

but

do not

touch

for when

you

see

but do

not

connect

this one's

for the

tattooed

landscapes

the

Glasgow

smiles

the

word

shit

your

best friend's

13th

summer

for

how

everything

turned

and

just

marched

on

without

him

this one's

for having

an

ice cream

with

Michelle

near

Brooklyn

Heights

for never

looking

back

this is

for the

ones

who can

snuff

your

life out

this one's

for

my

Nowhereland

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

this one's

for my

fire

demons

this one's

for

the

kings of

torment and

starless

nights

for

my

childhood's

frozen

hours

for my

Nowhereland

this one's

for

my

purple

cloak

for

the

Cinderella

complex

for the

big sleep

the next place

this one's

for

the spirit

of the

stairway

for the

persistent

endlessness

of time

for

Lindsay

Lohan

at my

funeral

for

the rope

over the

abyss

this one's

for the

eternal

now

for

the eternal

return

for

the

low gods

the

zodiacs

the velvet

noose

this one's

for

the mortuary

beauticians

for their

clown

painted

cadavers

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

this

one's for

the Christmas

trees

in January

for the

dead eyed

China dolls

staring

into space

for the

40 years

of sunshine

for the

New York style

dental work

for the

heaven

who

will adore

you

the

fiend womb

the

cockney

Cleopatras

the

transits

of Venus

the house

of Halliwells

the Missouri

compromise

this one's

for

the boy

at the

end of time

this one's

for the

youthquakers

for

the ashes

of a

dream

for the

drums

of dawn

the

algebra

of need

the spinning

wheels

the burnt

beds

the unpaid

bills

this one's

for the

spirit of the

stairway

this one's

for the

fruit

of the

poisonous tree

for the

air floating

between

my hands

for the

pictures

made

of words

for

the old

souls

being thrown

back into

childhood

again

this one's

for

Kimberly

Heather

Megan

and

Patricia

for the

self-medicating

the

cherry

flavored

bleach

the

cartoon

moralists

this

one's

for the

echoes

through

the forest

for the

parents who

outlived

their

children

for the

small

mercies

the

nameless

graves

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

this one's

for the

slow train

coming

for all

the

bad juju

for the

power

of three

the dark

waters

of sleep

this one's

for

the

Lady of the

Dunes

this one's

for the

late great

Mother

Earth

this one's

for

the death

sentences

the

beauty

pageants

for the

velvet

chainsaws

for the

eaters

of souls

for

Charles

Milles

Manson

for the

rooms

without

time and

place

for

the hallways

of the

always

this one's

for the

unloved

for

the powers

that's been

given

from below

for the

baby

Jesus

for my

wants

and

my needs

for

my yeses

and my nos

for the

seven purple

moons

for

the bluebird

of

happiness

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

this one's

for

Miss

Maryland 1995

for the

assholes

and

the dead

for the

rites of

passage

for

Eleanor

Roosevelt

for

the tragedy

of perfection

for

the stuff

of nightmares

the invisible

empires

the oceans

made to

drown in

this one's

for

the sphinx

without a

secret

this one's

for

Holly Marie

for her

long

brown hair

flowing

and

shimmering

like a river

of snakes

this one's

for the

dark matter

for the

heart shaped

mistakes

for

the baseball

cards

the wings

of wax

the

nude

polaroids

of someone's

sister

this one's

for

the strawberry

fields in

Southern

California

for

the

sicker

things

the

spider

goddess

the

heliotropes

the blood

in the

water

the

needle bots

the nymphs

of the

abyss

this one's

for my

fire demons

my

corpse

flower

my

Tennessee

Williams

my

Nowhereland

this one's

for the

spirit

of the

stairway

